

CHAINED DOWN-MURDERER BUTLER

TERRORIZED 300 PEOPLE FOR THIRTY DAYS.

BUTLER, the "Monster of the Blue Mountains," is to be hanged. Butler, whose flight sent detectives hurrying clear around the world, and for whose return to Australia the British Government gladly paid \$10,000, will soon swing on the gallows now. In his trial just concluded Butler offered a defence claim that Captain Lee Weller, his prospective man, had committed suicide. The other men whom Butler murdered and buried in the hills did not, of course, figure in this case. Butler made another fierce attempt to commit suicide on the morning of his conviction.

age, but whether he was sullen or contented the watch was never relaxed. It was a queer voyage for the prisoner and his guards. Butler had tried to kill himself while in jail in San Francisco by cutting his temples with his thumb nail. He missed the temporal artery, but managed to lose considerable blood, and it was a very weak murderer they led on board the Mariposa on the eve of his starting across the Pacific. The first trouble the detective guards had was to make their prisoner eat. He was all primed to starve himself and for two days he would not touch a morsel.



THE PRECAUTIONS TAKEN TO PREVENT BUTLER'S ESCAPE WHEN LANDING AT AUSTRALIA



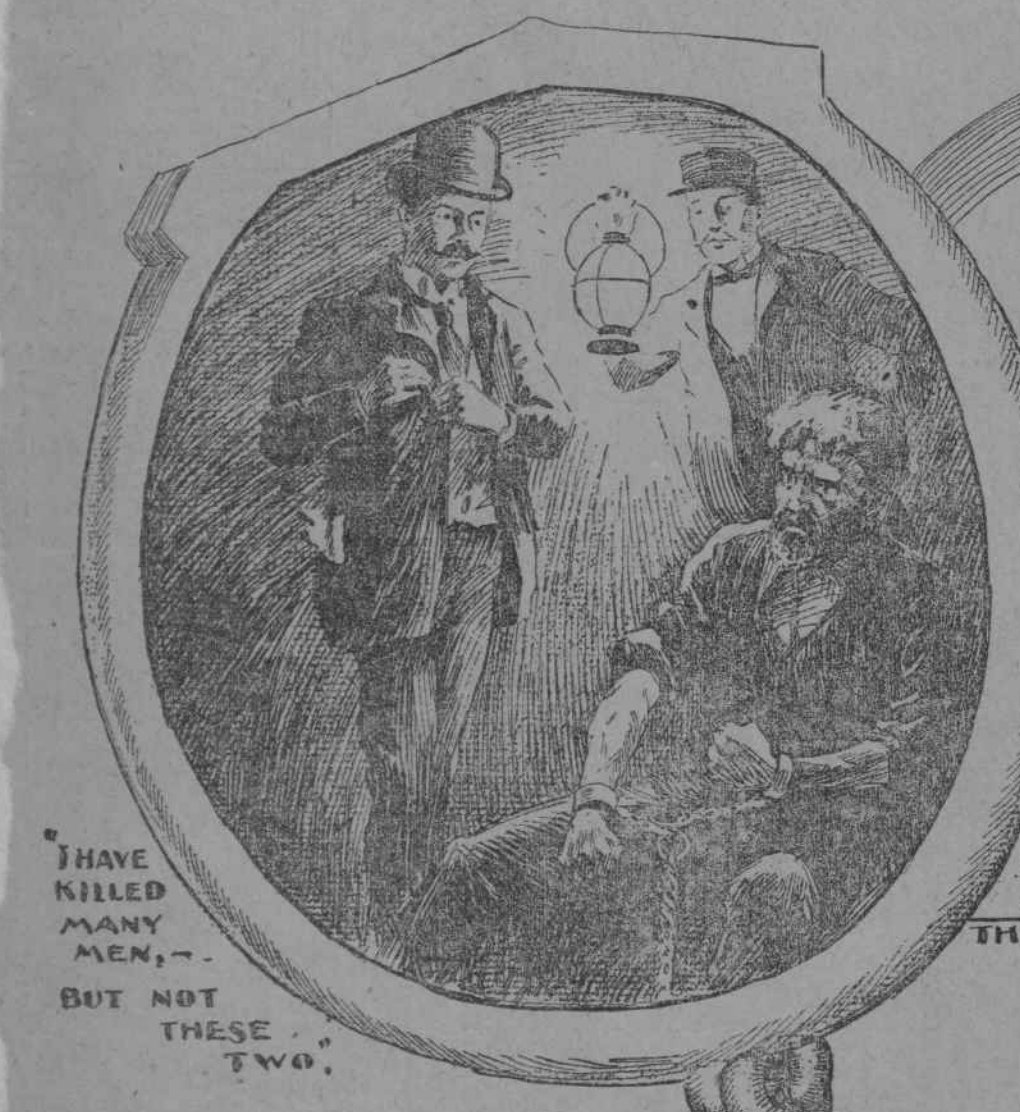
(From the San Francisco Examiner.)

a long while ago. Do you know I committed my first murder when I was a schoolboy? Another boy took my marbles and I killed him and stuffed his body in a log and buried it. I have been doing the same thing ever since. "How many men have you killed, Butler?" asked Chief Mate Hart, of the Mariposa, who had stepped in. "That's my business, replied Butler, getting surly again, 'but maybe I haven't killed as many as I'd ought to have done.' During all of the time of the voyage, which was the better part of a month, Butler remained in this cabin. His food was cut up for him and he had to eat it

sunk her. I'd have found some means. I remember one night I would have had an excellent chance. We had been in dirty weather for some few days, and were then running before a favorable wind in a big sea. We ran down a great big island with a rocky coast. At one time we were not more than a quarter of a mile from it. Though there was a big sea on there was no one but the first mate and I on deck. "It was fairly dark and I could have easily settled the mate with a blow on the head from a belaying-pin, spun the wheel down and we would have been in the breakers in ten minutes. The ship would not have lived long in that sea.



MISS MOORE CALMING THE MURDERER WITH SONG.



I HAVE KILLED MANY MEN, BUT NOT THESE TWO.

(From the San Francisco Examiner.)

lection, but they did not bring him back to Australia to allow him to cheat the gallows, and he is watched too closely for any attempt to succeed.

When the Mariposa, with the fourteen times murderer on board, reached Sydney, New South Wales, the wharves were packed with people and the harbor of Port Jackson was covered with launches, yachts and excursion boats, all out to catch a glimpse of the man whose business for years had been murder.

Among the crowd that watched with satiated interest his disembarkation are many friends of Captain Lee Weller, young Preston and other prospectors he decoyed into the mountains and killed the few dollars they might have in their clothes.

There was no thought of lynching. Everybody realized that there was no escape for Butler under the law there. It was nothing but curiosity that crowded the harbor and the docks, as if some great dignity was expected.

Detectives Roche, McHattie and Conroy, Antipodean detectives, were hugely glad to get rid of their charge. They all three said they got their full night's sleep for the first time in months when Butler was safely locked away in Darlinghurst Jail.

People in Australia had been setting their would never land Butler alive, and it was only by the exercise of unceasing vigilance they prevented his suicide. He was not left alone an instant in the cabin that had been turned into a cell for his benefit. He was pretty ugly during part of the voyage.

THE ANTS BURY THEIR DEAD.

An Exhibition Showing the Admirable Municipal System of the Ants.

Among the million and one attractions which will be offered this Summer in London to charm the festive shilling out of the pockets of sightseers there will be none more interesting in its way than the exhibition of Working Ants at the Crystal Palace.

Sir John Lubbock by his books has popularized knowledge concerning the lives and labors of these marvelous insects, but in the exhibition referred to we actually see these amazing atoms as they exist, as they work, as they die, and as they are buried. Not the least of the excellent arrangements of the ant country is their cemetery, placed on the outskirts of their city. After each internment the walls of the burial ground are closed, thus insuring perfect sanitation for the neighboring town.

The domestic economy of ant life is wise and well considered, and as builders the ants are possessed of an acumen which is nothing short of marvellous. Columns erected in their architecture are almost round. In the great hill of the formica rufa one sees the pine needles which are used in construction are placed at various angles, and the man architect would

They got the steward of the Mariposa to stand in and they tempted him with all the delicacies on board. The detective took turns talking to him of the foolishness of his purpose, and enlarging on the probability of some technicality that might save him from the hangman.

But it was the steam from the savory things the steward put under the prisoner's nose that brought him over, not the logic. He began to eat on the third day out.

The color came back to his cheeks, his nerve returned with brightness of his eyes, and he began to brag about his villainy. Then the detectives knew he was himself again.

Nearly all the passengers on board the Mariposa ignored the cabin with the "No Admittance" sign, but there was one cabin passenger who felt compassion even for the ill-favored scowling inmate of the prison cabin.

This was Maggie Moore, the actress and singer. She asked for and obtained permission to visit the monster.

The other women on board were in a state of terror over the presence of the monster. There were 300 passengers on board. Butler recognized Miss Moore at once. He remembered her from having seen her in one of her performances at Newcastle. The brute chose to be graceful and gracious, and asked Maggie to sing him one of her sentimental songs.

"Which shall it be?" asked the actress, while the detectives examined the chains that tethered him to the floor. "Sing me 'A Mother's Love,'" answered the man who had murdered fourteen men for an average of 10 guineas a murder.

So she sang the mournful ballad, and others equally sentimental, and the murderer sang them after her. From that time on they were great friends.

Nearly every day she came in and read or sang to him. Butler's guards were glad enough of her visits. While she was with him Butler never made trouble, but his attitude toward her was one of unfailing hostility.

He was so ugly at first that they had to call in the sailmaker and have a strait-jacket built for him.

Butler kept up his fight until his strait-jacket was buttoned around him. It was really just a roll of sail cloth that strapped around outside of his arms. He was as helpless as a roll of carpet, when he got this harness about him. He fumed and swore for a little while, but it did no good and he finally turned to his guards with: "For God's sake, take this thing off. I give in."

They took him at his word and he behaved for a while. Several times during the voyage the strait-jacket had to be prepared for the murderer, but every time he caught sight of it he threw up his hands and promised he would behave himself.

The detectives did not urge him to talk, but Butler is vain of his crimes and would not be quiet.

"I have killed plenty of people," he said one day when he had a good audience. "Why, I once had a wife and put her out of the way. If you go to West Australia—Coolgardie—you ought to find quite a lot of them that I accounted for. I have killed many men, but not these two."

Only on the subject of the murder of Weller and Preston was he at all reserved. "You think you're awful clever," he said one day to Detective Roche, "you like to get me to talk about those fellows—well I won't. That's what I have been extradited for. You wait and I'll find you the man that did that job. Now Burgess is different. He was killed because he gave me a bad check. He deserved it. You'll find I had a good excuse for everything I've done."

Butler was in iron nearly all the time on the steamer, and he was particularly hostile to the chains. "It's not that I'm kicking about what I've got," he would growl, "I really ought to have been hung

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It will be remembered that Butler came to San Francisco on the British ship Swan-hilda. He had adopted the name of Lee Weller, whom he had murdered, and those on board never suspected the presence of a murderer among them until the ship Tambo that met her in midocean signalled the fact to the Swan-hilda's captain. Fortunately Butler could not read the flag code, but went ahead with his work until he reached San Francisco and fell into the hands of the detectives, who had gone half around the world to wait for him there. Commenting on this Butler said:

"If I had been sure that the Tambo people had told him I was aboard there would have been no Swan-hilda to-day. She would never have got to San Francisco. I would either have fired her, run her ashore, or

The discovery was made by me in 1891 while teaching physical culture. I found a stubborn awkwardness in the movements of my pupils' feet. Looking for the cause, I found that many of them were pigeon-toed. In others one foot was correct and the other turned in.

In teaching correct breathing I had to investigate the condition of the nasal passages. Then I found that wherever the person was pigeon-toed in the right foot, the right nostril was stopped up or otherwise deformed. It was the same with the left foot or nostril. If both nostrils were defective both feet were pigeon-toed.

"At one time I examined twenty-six persons, and every one of them was pigeon-toed in the left foot with a corresponding defect in the left nostril. At another time I examined over forty with a view to testing my discovery. Some of them had well developed nostrils, and were not at all pigeon-toed. Some had over-wide nostrils with over-wide angles at the feet to correspond.

"Another discovery is that with the defective nostrils were found invariably stooped shoulders and hollow chests, the stoop and hollow always bearing a direct ratio with the defect. In extreme cases there was an ugly protrusion of the abdomen, a tendency to draw back and upward the upper lip, exposing the teeth, that have also an unsightly protruding tendency.

"Tell your friend to walk from you. Watch his feet. If the left turns in, tell him that his left nostril is smaller than the right. That is, that he can take more air at any given inspiration through the right than through the left nostril alone. If the right foot turns in, tell him his right nostril is the smaller.

"Conversely, tell him to place the end of the thumb under and against the nostrils alternately, breathing through the open one each time; and ask him which nostril admits the greater amount of air. If it is the left, tell him he is pigeon-toed in the left foot. Vice versa. Demonstrate by having him walk naturally.

"Remember that the proper angle is thirty degrees on either side of the median line, or sixty degrees with both feet. Do not close the nostril from the side, but gently from underneath."

"Girls I found more generally and worse pigeon-toed than boys. The person who has a whining or snuffling voice is usually pigeon-toed.

A professor of physical culture announces that he has discovered an intimate connection between deformities of the nose and the position of the feet.

His name is H. L. Piner, and he communicates his observations to the Journal: "You can tell a pigeon-toed person without looking at his feet or seeing him walk.

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(From the San Francisco Examiner.)

"And afterward we passed hundreds of coral reefs, and I could have put her ashore on almost any of them.

"But I did not know," and I was also beaten the same way at Frisco. If I had had any warning that I would have been arrested I should certainly have emptied my revolver among the crowd of detectives. I would have had six shots, and (turning to the detectives present) your wives would very probably have been widows now, for I'm a dead shot. Then I would have made for the fore-cabin doorway and held it as long as possible, and when the game was up I would have shot myself."

The detectives never relaxed their vigilance until their man was safe in jail. When the Mariposa came into port three black police launches darted up alongside. The most careful preparations had been made to insure the safe conveyance of the prisoner ashore. Besides his handcuffs—his legs had been ironed and a coil of rope had been hitched around his waist to prevent the possibility of his throwing himself overboard. Butler was savage when he saw all these preparations, but he tried to carry it off jauntily. "I'll see you again," shouted the prisoner to the passengers as the police launches steamed for the shore. If he ever does see them again it will be on the other side of the grave.

It was noticed that Miss Maggie Moore wiped her eyes as her assassin friend was carried away. Nobody else seemed to feel badly about it.

Butler's trial was concluded last Wednesday and resulted in a prompt conviction and his execution should be reported very soon.

RATS AIDING PROHIBITION.

They Destroy Vines and Wines and Threaten the Grape Growers.

Windsor, Ont., June 4.—Pretty little Pelee Island, in Lake Erie, off the mainland of Essex County, which has a continental reputation for its vineyards, is at present overrun with rats, who destroy the vines and even waste the cellared wines.

The animal, which is known as the brown rat (mus decumanus), or Norway rat, is of unusual size, enterprising and possessing great strength.

For three weeks the farmers have been endeavoring to exterminate the animals, but their efforts do not appear to have appreciably lessened their numbers, although 1,100 were killed in one hunt. Daily bands of workers sail out on the island with several terriers, and hundreds of the rats are killed. In one wine vault, where several thousand bottles of old wine were stored, the rats gnawed the corks and upset hundreds of bottles.

The most serious question for the grape growers is the protection of the growing crop. The buds have been gnawed thousands of acres of vines, and in many cases plants have been killed.